



A mournefull Dittie, entituled *Elizabeths* losse, together with a welcome  
for King *Iames*.

To a pleasant new tune.

**F**arewell, farewell, farewell,  
braue *Englands* ioy:  
Gone is thy friend  
that kept thee from annoy.  
Lament, lament, lament  
you English Peeres,  
Lament your losse  
posselt so many yeeres.  
Gone is thy Quene, the  
paragon of time,  
On whom grim death  
hath spred his fatall line.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Gone is that gem which  
God and man did loue,  
She hath vs left  
to dwell in heauen aboue.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
You gallant Ladies  
of her Princely traine,  
Lament your losse  
your loue, your hope, and gaine.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Weepe wring your hands,  
all clad in mourning weeds,  
Shew forth your loue,  
in tongue in hart and deeds.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Full foure and fortie yeeres  
foure moneths seauen dayes,  
She did maintaine this realme  
in peace alwayes.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
In spite of Spaines proud Pope,  
and all the rout,  
Who like ran  
ranging round about.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
With traiterous plots to slay  
her Royall grace,  
Her realme, her lawes  
and Gospell to deface,  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Yet time and tide God still  
was her defence,  
Till for himselfe from vs  
hee took her hence  
Lament, lament, &c.

We neede not to rehearse  
what care what griefe,  
She still endured,  
and all for our reliefe.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
We neede not to rehearse  
what benefits,  
You all intoyd, what pleasures  
and what gifts.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
You Virgins all be waiyle  
your Virgin Quene,  
That Phenix rare,  
on earth but sildome scene.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
With Angels wings she pearst  
the starrie skie,  
When death, grim death,  
hath shut her mortall eye.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
You Nimphs that sing and bathe,  
in fountaines cleere:  
Come lend your helpe to sing  
in mournefull chere.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
All you that doe professe  
sweet musicks Art,  
Lay all aside, your Ayoll  
Lute and Harpe,  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Pourne Organs, flutes,  
mourne Sagbutts with sad sound:  
Pourne Trumpets shrill,  
mourne Cornets mute & round.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
You Poets all braue Shakspeare,  
Iohnson, Greene,  
Bestow your time to write  
for *Englands* Quene.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Returne your songs and Sonnets  
and your sayes:  
To set forth sweete  
*Elizabeths* praise.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
In fine all you  
that loyall harts possesse,

With *Moses* sweete,  
bedeck his Princely hearse.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Bedeck that hearse  
sprong from that famous King:  
King Henric the eight,  
whose fame on earth doth ring  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Now is the time that we  
must all forget,  
Thy sacred name  
oh sweet *Elizabeth*.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Praying for King *Iames*,  
as earst we prayed for thee,  
In all submissiue loue  
and loyaltie.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Beseeching God to blesse  
his Patience  
With earthly peace  
and heauens felicitie.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
And make his raigne  
more prosperous here on earth  
Then was the raigne  
of late *Elizabeth*.  
Lament, lament, &c.  
Wherefore all you  
that subiects true beare names:  
Still pray with me, and say  
God saue King *Iames*.  
Lament, lament, lament,  
you English Peeres,  
Lament your losse enioy d  
so many yeeres.

FINIS.



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